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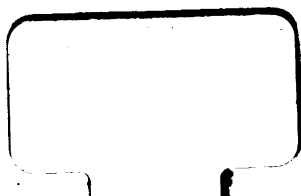
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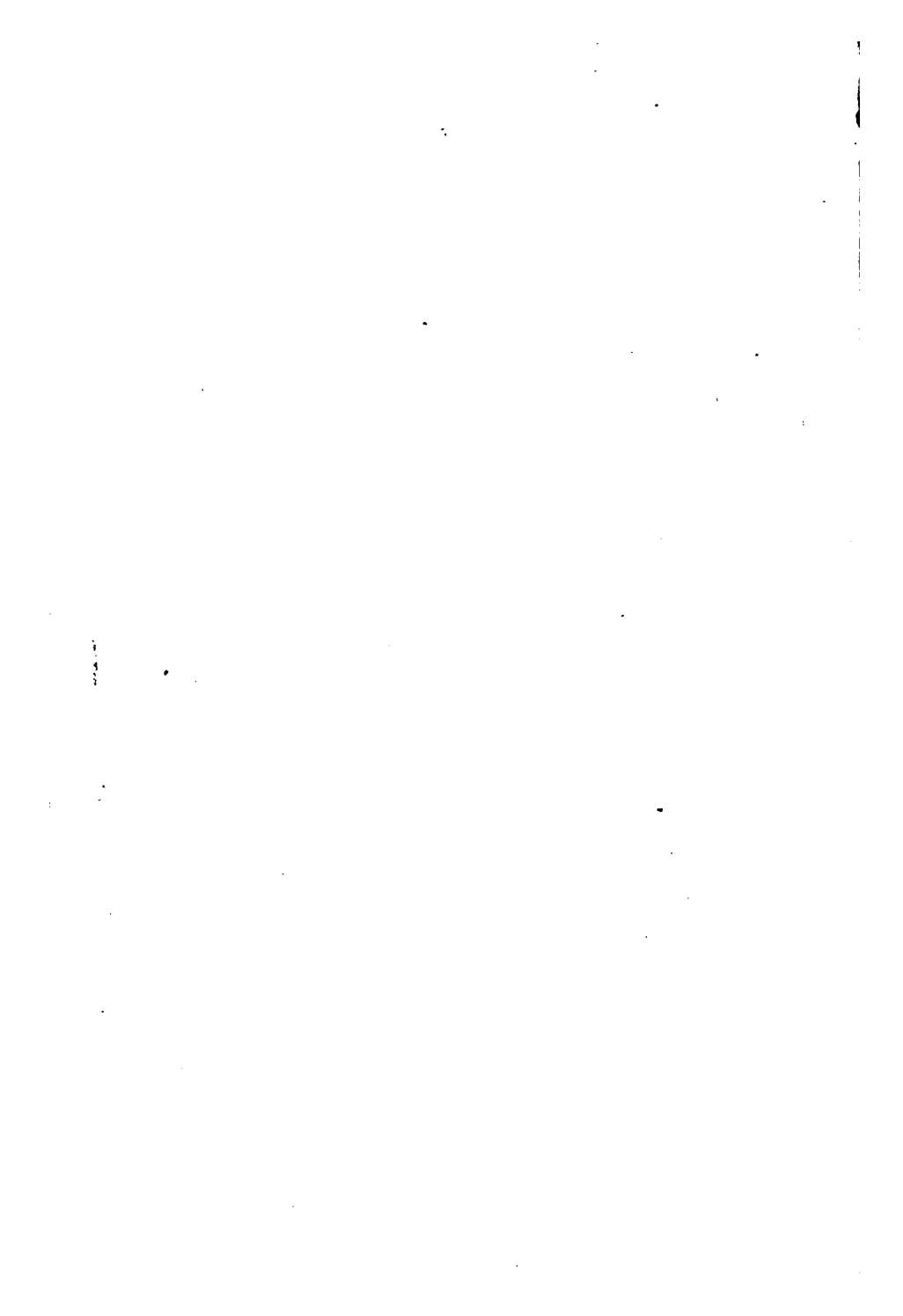


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A Pocket Full of Songs

By Margaret Blake Robinson

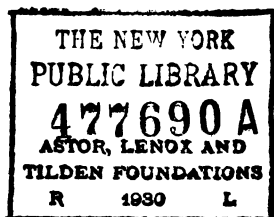
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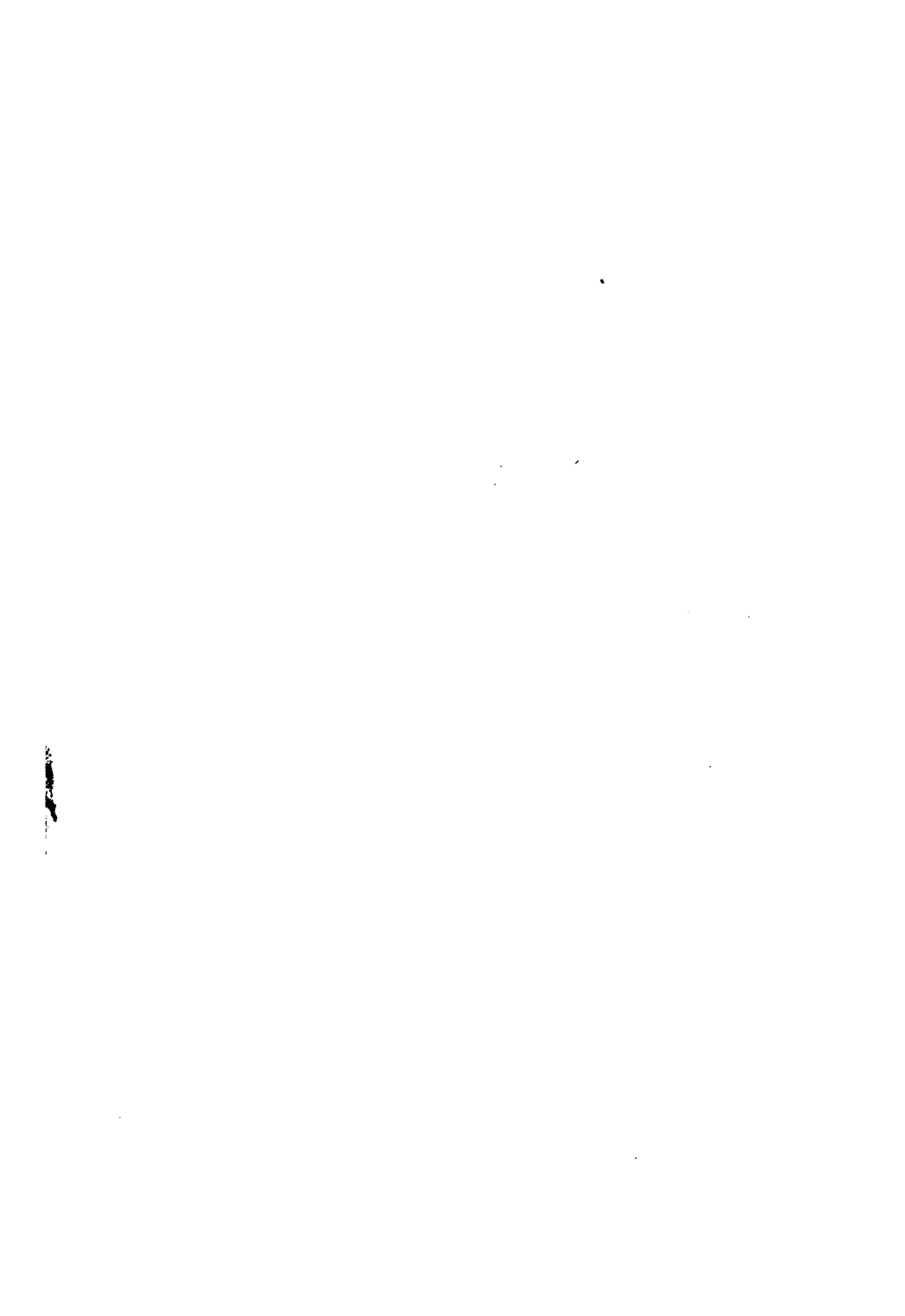


NOV 21 1930
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DEDICATION.

I am not a poet, and I like best to say my thoughts in prose. But like Shakespeare "I have immortal longings," and like everyone else I am influenced by those I love. And—well Someone thought these songs worth while, so I dug them out of every conceivable corner of my desk and sent them to the Printer Man. Because of this weakminded confession, may the critic I fear, discharge his literary canon in some other direction. Amen!

Margaret Blake Robinson.



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A Pocket Full of Songs
By Margaret Blake Robinson

GLORY.

Come out, it's Spring! oh come, oh come!
I am sixty feet high
And the sight in my eye
Is the sight of the moon and the stars and the
sky!
And I feel—oh I feel
That I'm dipped to the heel
In the joy of God's joy!—
And it gives me no fear
That I wrestle with God for the power of a cheer
And am utterly dumb!

VISION.

"You see too much" my mother used to say
When I was wee and small,
She thought I watched behind a fence or tree,
But I never watched at all;
I did not try to say how I could know
Indeed I could not tell,
I only knew I felt unutterable things
And heard them very well.

One time a friend who loved but did not trust
Hid things away from me,
She gave the loaf and kept the outer crust
And tho't I could not see;
And when I laughed no more and walked apart,
She slowly shook her head.
You always will be hard for me to understand
Was all that she said.

I see a thought behind a wall of stone
And never see the wall,
I hear a cry of love when I'm alone
From one who dare not call—
From one who dare not call it anymore
Save in that aching way,
And that is why I trust where I can never see—
I'm very queer they say!

TWO ON THEIR TRAVELS.

Two on their travels how jolly it sounds!
Two on their travels in all kinds of weather,
Over the old and familiar grounds
Cherry and jolly together.
Winds may blow from the East and the West,
But birds of a feather flock together
And live in the self-same nest.

Travelling is play when you walk close to me,
Darling glad eyes are the light of our journey,
For you give the light for the land and the sea
And I give the strength for the tourney.
Days go by like the days of a dream,
When two are united and roads are love lighted,
And a pair is a jolly good team.

Two on their travels what care we for harm
Many a mile have we journeyed together,
With your brave little grip giving strength to
my arm
I laugh at the wind and the weather.
I laugh in the teeth of the darkest gale,
For two who are steering, have naught to be
fearing
When Love is unfurling the sail.

THE LORD'S PAGAN.

He was here in this room—and he's gone!
He was brimful of life, and he's dead!
He was here and his strong flesh was ruddy and
warm;
One morning his cheek rested close on my arm—
And he's dead!

His voice was sea deep, and it's still,
It was brimful of song and it stopped,
He was lover to me as your love is to you,
He lay near my heart, and his heart it was true
And it stopped!

What matters my cry, it must cease!
What matters my grief he won't come,
The round of the day will go on just the same,
I could die with the burden of calling his name—
He wont come.

He is gone to the place there beyond
Where we turned to, that day—did we pray?
The day long ago we gave life unto life,
The day that I went to his heart as his wife
Did we pray?

He is gone, I have nothing to hold,
He is gone I had made him my God,
I played that I trusted the heart of my Lord
That I lived and believed in the Love of His
Word

But I made *him* my God!

He was here in this room—and he's gone,
And he's living in heaven—Dear Lord,
Come live in my heart fill it up to the brim,
I'll be good if you talk all the day about *him*
For he's with you Dear Lord!

QUESTIONS FOR HEAVEN.

Look in my heart and see my Lord,
Am I, am I true?
Do I mean my promises every word—
It is all so clear to you!
Then why do I sin, oh, why am I weak?
Oh, speak to my anguished heart, Lord, speak.

I do not care what "they" say Lord,
They can hurt no more,
But deep in my heart there is a sword
That cuts me, cuts me so sore—
I cannot do right, I cannot do right
And I've failed, oh, I've failed in the fight.

Haven't I trusted you Lord?
You know I have said
Hold me from all that I once adored,
I am too weak, to be *led*.
You know that I meant it you do, you do,
Forgive me Lord if it was not true.

GOD AND HIS CHILD.

Dear pain worn child, 'tis the way of God to love
and forgive,
You are the sheep of His fold poor weary heart,
Look into the face of your loving Lord my child
and live,
Look for He has always been loving that good
thing in you—
That thing in your heart no one else saw,
Look! you and He are not at all apart—
Do you believe it tired, lonely heart? —
God pity those who made the fight so hard for
you to win
It was easy for them but very hard for you,
They did not know how you struggled, they only
saw the sin.
But you must now forgive them for the Lord
Jesus sake,
You remember He said so in His Prayer
And, oh, my child, the whole of it is true—
The Blood of Christ was shed indeed for you.

A VALENTINE.

Valentine was surely a darling old saint,

And I 'aint,

But I tell you right now, that I'd take any vow,

Wear the cowl and the gown—shave my head to

the crown

If you'll shrive me

And list to my plaint—

I'll sing litanies—sing 'em right on my knees

And “tell” all my beads—tell 'em all about you

And my sad vesper song, will be “come before

long”

Come love, before long—Ding Dong,

(That's the bell o'er my cell,) oh, I love you so

well,

Come love and stay always, there's no one to tell

And there's room for us both in St. Valentine's

cell,

Ding Dong—Oh come before long

Its all true!

FROM THE DEAD.

The young eyes of my daughter bathe in joy,
I cannot see it and I turn away,
I would have warned her if she was a boy,
But women do not suffer in that way.

"Dear Dad he has no sentiment at all,"
(I heard my daughter to her lover say.)
"To think he missed the greatest thing of all
And that my mother never knew the perfect
day"

No touch of hurt came o'er me as she spoke,
I heard like one who knows not what he hears,
For there was much of me I had to choke,
Through all of twenty loveless lonely years.

At first the bird folk and the dewy grass
Heard my mad cries and gave my heart repose
And when they ceased she saw their sad ghost pass
And eagerly she found them grave-yard clothes.

And all of mind has ruled these twenty years,
A man, they call me, just, but cool and grim,
And yet, to-day, I'm gasping through my tears—
My daughter will you love or murder him!

THE CYNIC.

He has a pain in his laughing place
His grievance is out for the air
The woes of the world are all on his face
And he's dying to keep them there.

He has a plan to make all things right
But he doesn't want you to know
He would not climb up if you found the light
Nor will he be happy below

He has a sneer for the man who prays,
He's written a book against God—
But God doesn't mind for He knows his ways
And the man thinks the sneer is a nod.

IN THE DARK.

A short quick step and I knew 'twas you
'Twas the opening up of an hour of brightness,
And the old old joy comes back anew
And my head swims deep in a sea of lightness,
And I soon forget all my hearts dull aching
When your sweet soft words allay its breaking

My Messenger of Light!

But over my heart there comes a sadness
For I know the hope of coming gladness
Is dead and gone to-night.

A short quick step falls again on my ear.
I am left alone with my weary toiling,
Tho' I look not up I can see and hear
And I know the pain of my own life spoiling
Has cut you deep to-day,
And Oh I am weary, weary, weary!—
For all the world grew black my dearie
That day you went away.

THE BIRTHDAY.

Twenty-five years ago to-day,
My! I was a wise old rascal then,
Five years old and fisty in play
And willing to "do it again."
And you were a tot with unopened eyes,
Supplied with a volume of baby cries,
But you weren't *my* baby then.

Twenty-five years from this to-day—
And I knew nothing of your debut.
You wandered into the earth land gray
A sleepy lazy darling you—
Did I stop in my play to look hard at a star
That came to its birth in the sky land far,
The hour of the coming of you?

Twenty-five years ago to-day—
And I was a swapping my bread for haws,
You dropped to earth and you tho't you'd stay
No special reason but just "because;"
And they kissed the tip of your lovely nose,
And wrapped you to rest in your wee white
clothes,
And the doctor laid down the laws.

Twenty-five years ago to-day—
And I was a feeding on bread and jam,
At six by the clock I knelt down to pray,
A sleepy lazyful undressed lamb,
And you were three thousand miles away,
A small protege of your Uncle Sam.

Twenty-five years ago to-day—
The words of my prayer are now forgot,
But I know the Father did not say "nay,"
For He put your house on my chosen lot,

When I came to my own, there was nothing to do
But to take off my shoes and to call on you,
And to ask you to tie the knot.

Twenty-five years from *this* to-day—
My! I'll be a wise old rascal then
And you? will you think in your dear old way
That I still am your man of men?
If you do—we will go where our old dreams lie,
And when no one is looking I think I'll try
For that dear first kiss again.

THE FEVER CONVALESCENT.

In the murky half remembered darkness passing
When the gnomes and griffins jeered,
Where hands that had no bodies came harassing
And eyes glared mad, such eyes so wild and
bleared!
Where earth had slipped off from its fickle moor-
ings,
And left me in the chaos-land alone,
I met an angel in my awful tourings
Who took me in her arms and said "Begone."

I wish I could recall the voice caressing
That coaxed me and held me back,
And feel the arms around me softly pressing
But I cannot fill up the lonely lack;
Lying here in the still, with the pain abating
I know the story I tell is very true,
Oh, here she comes, my angel I've been waiting!
Why, Darling Heart, of course I knew 'twas you.

UNDERSTANDING.

"For they were fishers"—that was why He said,
"Come follow me, and men you'll catch instead;"
And straightway did they, for they knew His
speech

These two disciples on that far off beach.

If we who follow where He led the way
Ask men to drop their toil to praise and pray,
We, too, must walk amid the nets and know
Why men on life's great sea cling to them so.

A CHRISTMAS MESSENGER.

Hidden away from the light of day
With my other favorite woes,
With your heart grown cold in your withered
breast

I find you my dear red rose,
Rose that she pinned on my coat one day,
When her wishful eyes were merry with play,
And for her I kiss you to-day, to-day
My dear red rose!

What matters the pain of the days gone by,
Since my dreams and my faith remain,
I told you my rose they would never die,
And they've sung their way thro' the rain,
For the soul part of me gave its substance to
spend,
And the soul part of me knew the meaning of
friend,
And so it shall ever be on to the end
My dear red rose!

I'll take off the petal I've kissed the most,
And I'll send it away, away—
For the love and the faith cannot all be lost,
Go and bless her this Christmas Day;
She may never care but I want her to know,
That love like mine is not killed by a blow,
Go, rose leaf she gave me, go tell her so
My dear red rose!

A STATE OF MIND.

'Tis a quare shtate of mind, I'm in, faith,
'Tis meself that don't like it at-all
For I'm lyin' awake the whole night long,
Hearin' a sound like the lilt in a song
Or the soft in a thrush's call.

The sprats jump around in the river
And I thry to to get ready me line—
But I see a pair o' sootherin' eyes
An' the jealous looks o' me comrade byes
An' I finish me awkward thryin'.

'Way over the green bit o' mountain
Thats 'twixther me colleen an' me,
I run, till I see the white rye thatch—
Ah, there she is in the haggart patch!
Come hither acushla machree!

'Tis I didnt shleep since last Sunday
Since I walked wid ye home from mass—"
*"And nayther did I an' me hands are cold
And me mother does nothin' at-all but scold,
I dunno what's comin' to pass."*

'Tis in love wid meself yer mavourneen,
Let me put this noneen on yer breast—
Och now but yer hands are nice and warm
I'll kiss 'em again—wisha what's the harm!
Now whist till I tell ye the rest.

THE CHASM.

She knocked at my door in the common way,
In the common way I welcomed her in,
Of the common things we had things to say,
How was I to know that commonplace day
That life was about to begin?

My hands were rough and her hands were fair,
The life we had lived was a world apart,
I trod the steps on life's winding stair,
Her steps were straight from the very start—
Ah, little I knew when I spoiled my chart
How white was a maiden's heart.

She came to my life in the old, old way,
We plighted our vows in the silence deep,
We bent our knees and I tried to pray,
And I looked in the future so vast and deep—
Would my soul be strong for the long away
And the treasure I had to keep?

Her soul lay soft in her new-lit eyes
And deep in their depths lay the trust of life,
And my soul was sore as if cut with a knife
But she held me close to her heart like a vise,
And she cried, "Oh, my husband so good and
wise!"
And I wept on the face of my wife.

FAITH.

Lord Jesus when I see Thy works
On human hearts displayed,
And see from broken bits of clay
The wondrous things You've made,
It gives me faith to come to you to-day
And not to be afraid.

FOLDING UP THE OLD YEAR.

I've laid a calendar old away
That is marked here and there with a cross,
And with it I've laid the year away
And I dare not figure my loss,
But I'll trace the little blue cross no more
For she never knocks now at my workshop door,
 Heigho, why figure my loss!

The cross that I traced with a nervous stroke
Marks the day when she poured my tea,
And the second one tells how I carried her cloak
When she walked in the woodland with me,
And every cross in the calendar gray
Means letters from her or the ways of her way,
 Heigho! when she was with me.

But the all I craved for I never got
And the crosses and markings have ceased,
But here and there is a blur and a blot
And the days are dreary and creased—
So I lay you away my calendar gray
And I fold up the year in the self same way,
 Heigho! for the markings have ceased.

ANSWERS.

A little child came to me early, one day
And said, "What is life?"
And I answered, "Oh, it is much happiness and
play
To drink in the air of the woods around you,
To never feel pain nor the hurt of the world
knife,
To laugh, to own red blood, to be kind and to
be brave
Little child, that is life."

Another child came to me at another time
And said, "What is life?"
And I said, "To be loved till the world is one
rhyme,
To be loved till you see beauty in everyone,
Because there is nothing else that is truly crime,
Save a cool passionless heart for the other's love
strife
Little child, love is life."

And a third child came to me after many days
And said, "What is life?"
And I said, sadly, "My dear, life is but God's maze,
It is all things one time, then, nothing at all,
And there is no life but has found sorrow for a
wife
Little child, God is life!"

THE DIFFERENCE.

A sky attinged with freedom's glow
Awoke your natal morn,
The banshees sang their keenings low
The day that *I* was born,
A western sky shone down on you
My Irish sky was soft and blue.

You walked amid a people great,
I wandered in the past,
You looked and saw an open gate,
I saw my own shut fast,
Your lamp threw glory beams around
While mine was lost in ancient ground.

While Progress taught your baby feet
To climb the heights aloft,
The Fairies would my footsteps cheat
With all their croonings soft,
Your fair land ran with oil and wine,
In lonely glen I wept for mine.

I saw a light glint on the wave
And sought your golden land,
But cared for nothing that it gave
Until I touched your hand—
Mavourneen dear, you know the rest
For us there's neither East nor West.

THE SAD-FACED LADY.

"'Tis a very hard world to live in at all—"
Why, where do you live, my sad-faced lady?
Have you never cooed soft o'er a baby's fall
And kissed off the bruises, my sad-faced lady?
("Poo' 'ittle sweetheart, an' bad nasty gfound,
We'll beat it to bitties, now pound, pound,
pound!)
Now laugh like an angel—such bootiful sound!
Ah, listen to that, my sad-faced lady.

You "live all the time in the dreams of your
art—"

Ah, that is what makes you a sad-faced lady,
Just live for a while in a baby's heart
'Twill "cosey" your worries my sad-faced lady,
Who cares for the curves in the throat o' the
dear

Except when they help him to call "Tum here,
I want 'oo to 'tiss me an' tell in my ear—"
You ought to hear that "tell," sad-faced lady.

"The Lord has not given you babes of your own,"
Well, well, what a foolish sad-faced lady!
Was the wild rose red for your fancy grown
That you glow on so sweetly, my sad-faced lady?
Were the sun and the moon put for you in the
sky?

Hush! that was a lonely, childie's cry
In that big white room in the Walled House high
She'd *laugh* in your arms, my sad-faced lady.

LOVE SICK LESSONS FOR THE SEA SICK.

Sailing away from your lover to-day
There's a lesson your lover would teach you
You'll soon find its a. b. c., in the spray,
And whenever it seems to want to reach you
That's your Laddie—now learn your lesson well.

The second lesson is writ on the sea
When its lazy and playing marooning,
Just look in its face and be sure its me
Coaxing yourself for a wee bit of spooning—
That's your Laddie—but don't you dare to tell.

The very next lesson I'll teach you now
You will find when the wind goes a joving,
Its kicks at the waves are to tell you how
I'd love to kick those who took you a roving,
That's your Laddie—keep studies up-to-date.

Last lesson you'll find in the billows bound,
'Tis the bound of your happy instructor
Just waiting the moment you touch home ground,
To eagerly squeeze your delightful structure—
That's your Laddie—class you may graduate.

THE CONVICT'S MOTHER.

A convict! an' is it my own little Barney?
The brightest and jolliest lad of 'em all,
Sure, never another from Bray to Killarney
Could sing like that same little Barney McCall.

The tenderest, fondest an' softest of cratures,
Not a mousie he'd hurt, not a thing that had life!
But the black ugly sorrow kills fondest of natures,
An' the fever you know took his child an' his wife.

An' then 'twas the drink that he took to right
afther,
But oh, I can't spake of his sorrow an' shame;
My own darlin' boy, sure 'tis little I thought I
Should droop my ould head at the sound o' your
name.

They say he was hardened—a drunkard, a felon;
That his soft curly head was cropped ugly an'
bare;
That his laughin' gray eyes had grown cold an'
unlovin'
An' in place of the laugh, was a bad ugly glare.

Don't bring me such picture, that wasn't *my*
Barney;
Mavourneen! could God see that change an' not
weep,
Ah! maybe his Saviour will pardon my darlin';
An' he'll be my own boy when he'll rise from his
sleep.

JIM'S BOSS.

We have a kid 'aint worth a dime
What lives at our house all the time,
You'd think we all are common mud
When he comes 'round a chewin' his cud—
You ought to hear that freshie talk
You ought to see him make *me* walk.

Who'm I? I'm Jim an' over ten
An' I talk lots to papa's men,
An' I've got lots 'o sporty things
Balls an' marbles an' kites with strings,
An' air guns too (you hear *him* fall—
When he gets up he'll want 'em all.)

Who's he? well he 'aint nearly three
But say, he puts life up to me!
He gets loud fits an' wrinkles up
An' looks just like a black faced pup,
When I don't do just what he wants—
What's that you kid? *You want my pants?*

Get out o' here, your ma aint mine.
I aint your kind, now you just whine
An' howl an' bite;—say see 'im smile,
All right, I'll go to bed awhile
To cure my nasty (hu! hu!) cough,
Don't dare to cut the buttons off.

THANKSGIVING.

For love of Thee—Thy love of me,
For life and health I thank thee Lord;
For work that blows the fires of life,
For these I'm truly thankful Lord;
And I am very thankful too for little knees that
 bend with mine,
And little lips that lisp Thy name and love the
 things of Thine!
But Oh, my Father my heart throbs
With thankfulness I cannot speak,
For two soft arms around my neck
For lips against my cheek—
The lips of Her—Lord do you mind,
Because I care so much?
I cannot think your Father Heart
Would grudge that human touch.
Thou knowest it means so much to me,
Thou knowest me through and through,
And so, my Lord who loves me well
I do not fear that you
Will judge me harsh as they who say,
I am a slave hard bound;
(*They* never heard her say "my love,"
Or trembled at the sound).
Yes, Lord, I'm glad, I'm *very* glad
And come with my thanksgiving,
I am so glad—so very glad
Because—she's—living.

OF NAMES THAT I CALL YOU.

Of names that I call you when near to my heart,
Your head lies so close like a bird in its nest,
And your hand doth entwine with a love-clasp
in mine

What name do I then love the best?

Not the soft one that thrills you and brings you
more near,

Not the one full of passion that moves you at
will;

But the soft rhythmic roll in "Thou friend of my
soul"

That deepens our love in the still.

You worship me not as a being unknown,

For deep in my soul you can see the unseen;

And your love hears the cries for the courage to
rise,

And it lifts me across the between.

Of names that I call you when near to my heart,

Your head lies so close like a bird in its nest;

And your grace I extol, "blessed friend of soul,"

Is the name that my heart calls the best.

THE LITTLE LASSIE AT THE MOURNER'S BENCH.

Now I've been naughty to-day,
A naughty, naughty, very naughty child,
I knew 'twas wrong and I won't say
I didn't know, tho, mamma will be wild
And she may whip me too—
She sometimes do
That aint good grammar, but I don't care—do
you?

Now I'm not afraid of God,
For mamma says He is my dearest friend,
And whenever He uses the rod
It is loving rod from tip to end;
And I believe what mamma says,
She knows God's ways—
And I like God at night better than days.

For at night I'm very scared
And God has guns to chase away bad men,
And no one has ever ever dared
To hurt a Christian child—but when
I'm not a Christian, Oh,
I'm scarded so!
I'll never, never, more be bad again!

How funny that mamma heard
When I said things 'bout God and my bad state,
An' being naughty—every word
She heard and I'm alive to-date!
And she just cries—"Oh, dear
Mamma, I'm here,
Don't cry please, or I'll die right now, next year."

SKY FEAR.

Not the soul-stirring song of the wonderful bird
That I hear but a decade or so,
But the sweet, the loving, the homely trill
Of the old land-linnet that sings on the hill
And cheers me on as I go.

Not the brightness of plumage, or wealth of song
That gladdens my soul for a day;
But the home-tune sound in each simple note,
And the earth-colored brown of the singer's coat
That colors the common way.

If I were a bird and I sought fôr a mate
To brighten my woodland nest,
It would be a mate who brought songs from the
sky
But flew away from the mighty and high
And thus keep the path of rest.

TO MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Written after reading her tender appeal to the public for aid for her "boys" in prison, sent from her bed of sickness.

I know a heart with a pulse as true
As ever throbbed in woman,
And it beats in a breast
Where a cross is pressed,
Divine, but divinely human!

A rough hand played on its chords at night
And the burdened strains of sorrow,
Changed the fair soul tones into weary moans
In the light of the darkened morrow.

But the song of the Christ in that victor soul
Is sung with a greater meaning,
For the brave "I must"
Is the sweet "I trust,"
And on Jesus' breast she's leaning.

And the souls who people her midnight hours
In the misty land of dreaming,
In the rooms of prayer are kneeling where
The sun of their faith is streaming.

"Be still, she's mine, and I love her best,"
'Tis the voice of Jesus speaking,
"And, I feel her cross,
For mine is the loss,
And mine are the sheep she was seeking."

And we move away from the sacred place
And the bitter cup she's drinking,
And we scan the face for a shrinking place
But there's never a thought of shrinking.

I know a heart with pulse as true
As ever throbbed in woman,
And it beats in a breast
Where a cross is pressed,
Divine but divinely human!

THE DRUNKARD.

Where the moon glowed once, there is no more
glow
Where the sun warmed it is cold below,
And there is no cure for the silent woe
Of a drunkard.

My wife sits quiet, and she looks at me,
And she never tells me her misery—
We talk no more of what used to be,
For I am a drunkard.

My friends all wonder I am so queer,
The weak ones cry and the strong ones sneer,
And it seems like the dream of another year,
To the mind of a drunkard.

Alone, alone I go day after day,
And while I drink I kneel down to pray
But the voice of God whispers, "you must pay,
The price of a drunkard."

Once the drink made me full of wit,
Now it feels like an adder's bit
And yet I go to the brink of the pit
Like every drunkard.

Once my pulse beat merry and high
When roused by the taste of the sunny rye!
Now it tells me I soon shall die
The death of a drunkard.

I long to go to my bed to sleep,
But my nerves are bleeding wide and deep,
And with demons I must the vigil keep
And weep like a drunkard.

I see my child's fair face in the cot,
But it only looks like a blurring blot;
I weep for what is and for what is not
Like a maudlin drunkard.

I go to her bed and her hand I take,
Then I say, "I will be good for your sake,"
Then I drink again lest I get awake
To the fear of a drunkard.

The doctor comes and he drugs my brain,
And I dream I am a child in the rain
With not a bit of the awful stain
That destroys a drunkard.

Once more I play the games of my youth,
At the farm spring I relieve my drought,
And the smile of a girl is the heart's vermouth
Of a dreaming drunkard.

I wake up bright but my strength has left,
Of hope and joy I am all bereft,
And I know that my life is forever cleft
I'm a hopeless drunkard.

"Hope on," says the doctor, "I'll pull you
through,
There is lots of hope for a man like you,
You will be all right in a week or two,
You're no hopeless drunkard."

I smile for I often have said the same,
When I still could fight 'gainst my awful shame,
But no living man ever beat in the game,
That's played by a drunkard.

I smiled as I smiled when I first began,
As you did, too, you poor drinking man,
As men have smiled since the world began
At the fear of a drunkard.

"Oh yes, I can drink and can let it alone,"
I said, in the pride of my strength full blown,
And then I disabled my body and bone,
With the joys of a drunkard.

What I drank in the open, I drank no more,
But I sneaked my way to the side-room door,
For my will was murdered, my brain was sore,
And I feared with the awful fear of a drunkard.

And the worst of it all, is I do not desire
To be taken away from the funeral pyre,
For I love, I love the consuming fire
That makes me a drunkard!

Once I was shamefaced and sobered up,
And swore I'd ne'er have another sup—
And a week or two later went back to the cup,
With the smile of a drunkard.

There is no use at all but to hide a knife,
To kiss my child and to kiss my wife,
And then wipe away this disgusting life
Of a bedridden drunkard.

For I hate and I love it, the self same time,
But I am held fast by my chosen crime,
And it's awful! it's awful! to die in my prime,
A drunkard!

"Of what are you thinking," my wife says,
"sweet,"
And she strokes my head where the temples beat,
And I say, "of the place where we used to meet
Before I was a drunkard."

She covers my mouth with her own fair hand,
And I know she struggles to understand
How I can love her so dearly, and
Remain a drunkard.

I, too, would have reasoned it so one day,
But whiskey has taken my all away,
And what I will do now I never can say,
For I am a drunkard.

My wife and my child come so sweet to my bed,
They kiss me and cool off my wandering head,
And they tell me of God and the ways He has led
Many sinning drunkards.

So I hide the cold knife and I turn to God,
And I tell Him how bitter the sting of the rod,
And the long lonely way I have fearfully trod
In the way of the drunkard.

My wife's arm is soft and I sleep on its bend,
While she prays to her God His own helpers to
send,
And I wonder, I wonder what will be the end
for a drunkard.

AFTER THE TAPS.

To-day, I saw a man die.
To-day, I saw his hand grow stiff and stark.
The light went out of his drooping eye
And he felt his way in the dark.

He struggled to find a place
Where he could rest at ease in the bed,
He dragged the muscles of his pale face
And groaned for the joy of the dead.

God seemed to say to the man;
"Go fight your way to the gates ajar;
For pain is the life of my cleansing plan
And the sword of my holy war."

The man went down to the task;
And the sword it struck him body and mind;
And then there fell on his face a mask,
And the man went the way of his kind.

Out in the Land of Light;
What did he see when he entered in?
What manner of vision struck his sight
What kind were his new found kin?

What did he gain or lose?
How much of himself was found welcome there?
How much was spoiled by unholy use,
In the soul that was now laid bare?

Was the land a land for all,
Or was there a great gulf safely fixed?
And on which side of the endless wall
Did he stand with the gulf betwixt?

His Lord! Was the Pilot there?
And what tho't he of the vovager's chart?
How much was black and how much was fair,
From the day he made the start?

To-day, I saw a man go
Out to that land where I long to be;
And I grieved that I could not see or know
The things he knows, that are there for me.

IN THE CELTIC MAZE.

"Oh, try, to understand me," my Irish lover cried,
The pain and hurt were in his eyes that looked at
me so wide,
"I said," I will, oh, sure I will, I see your dear
soul now,"
And oh, the dear, dear, things he said made the
Saxon in me bow—
And then—oh dear, oh then—
He left me waiting alone in the glen,
And spent the time at The Thrush and The Wren
Singing—

"Let the farmer praise his grounds as the huntsman
does his hounds,
And the shepherd his sweet scented lawn,
But I, more blest than they, spend each happy
night and day
With my charming little Cruiskeen lawn, lawn,
lawn,
Oh, my smiling little Cruiskeen lawn!"

Across the sea I sailed away to break his wicked
spells,
I never more would listen to his song of Shandon
Bells,
I hated every hour I spent among the Irish dells,
And then—oh dear, oh then—
I saw the droop of his sloe black head
And the white, cold, look on his cheek of red,
And he a-singing with the voice of the dead:

"'Tis the last rose of Summer left blooming alone
All her lovely companions are faded and gone,
No flower of her kindred no rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes or give sigh for sigh."
And—

"It was on a fine mornin' in Summer
That I first heard his voice speaking low.
As he said to a colleen beside him,
Oh, my pretty girl milkin' her cow

Sure your love will not fade like the Summer
But ever, my colleen will be,
My darlin' acushla alanna
Savourneen a dheelish machree."

And my poor tears made a deep sea for him to
sail across,
He told me how the heart in him was murdered
by his loss,
And to his coaxing I went back with him to
Ballycross,
And then—oh dear, oh then—
Over against my sense and will
I took my Fergus for good or ill,
For he sung a thaw in my fearsome chill
With—

"Widow Machree when the winter comes in
Ochone widow machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin
Ochone widow machree
Sure the poker and tongs to each other belongs
And the kettle sings songs full of family glee,
While alone with your cup like a hermit you sup
Ochone widow machree."

My lad he never knew the worth of copper or of
gold,
But oh, he did know how to keep my heart from
fear of cold,
And all the loving ways he had are too long to
be told,
But then—oh dear, oh then—
He always failed when about to win,
For he said what he thought both out and in,
And I tho't of the song (and forgot the sin)

"Father O'Flynn you've a wonderful way wid' you
All, ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you

**All the young childher are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father Avick."**

**My Fergus loved the feel of earth, and cared for
nothing more,
And that he had no soul at all it worried me full
sore.**

**He'd say: why do I want sky-joy when I have
you asthore**

**And then—oh dear, oh then—
When our little child came down to our hearth—
Dumb tears of joy fell over his mirth
And I heard him croon as he lay on the earth:**

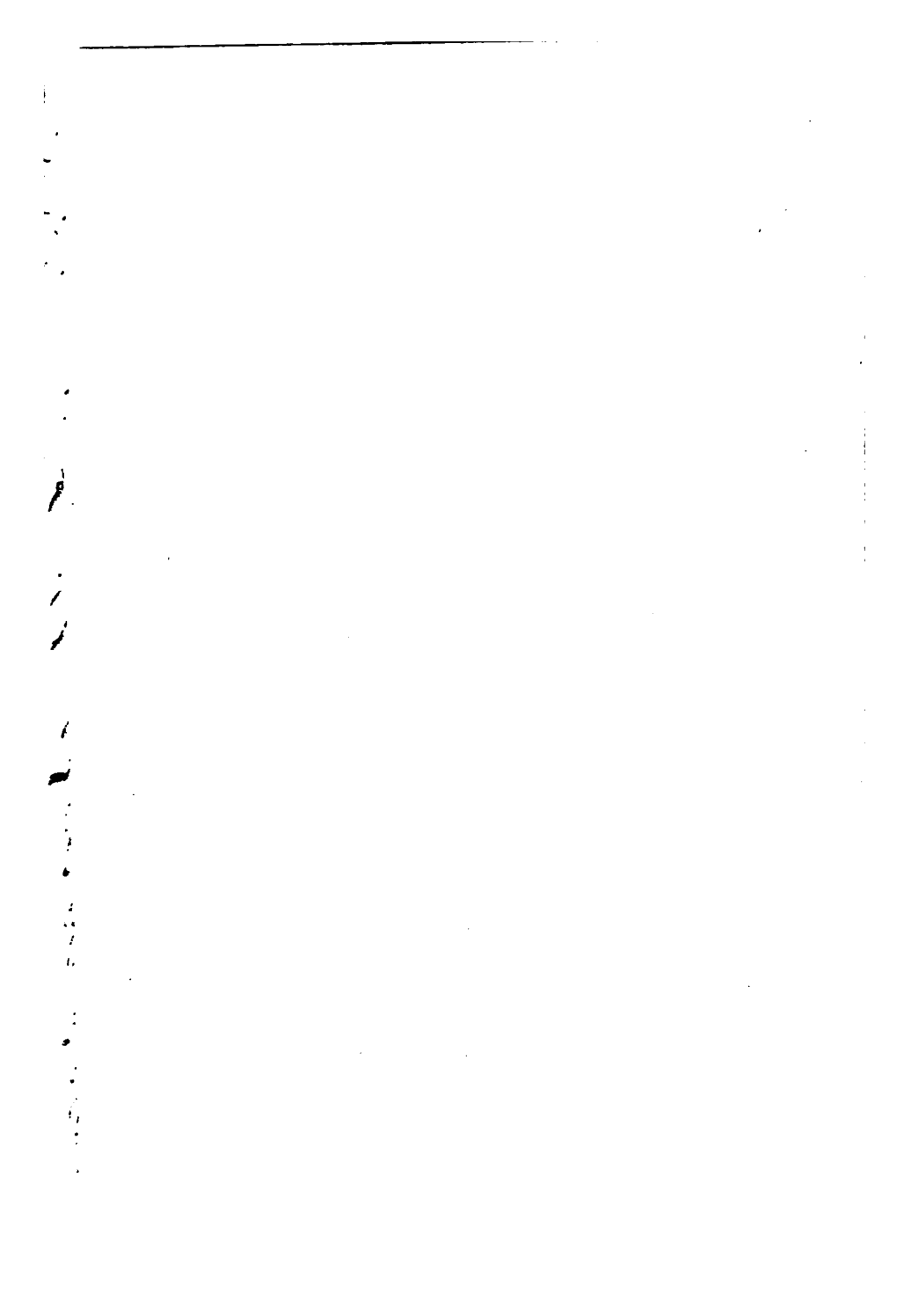
**"As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are singing no mortal can see
So deep in my soul the still prayers of devotion
Unheard by the world rises silent to Thee—
Pure; warm, silent to Thee."**

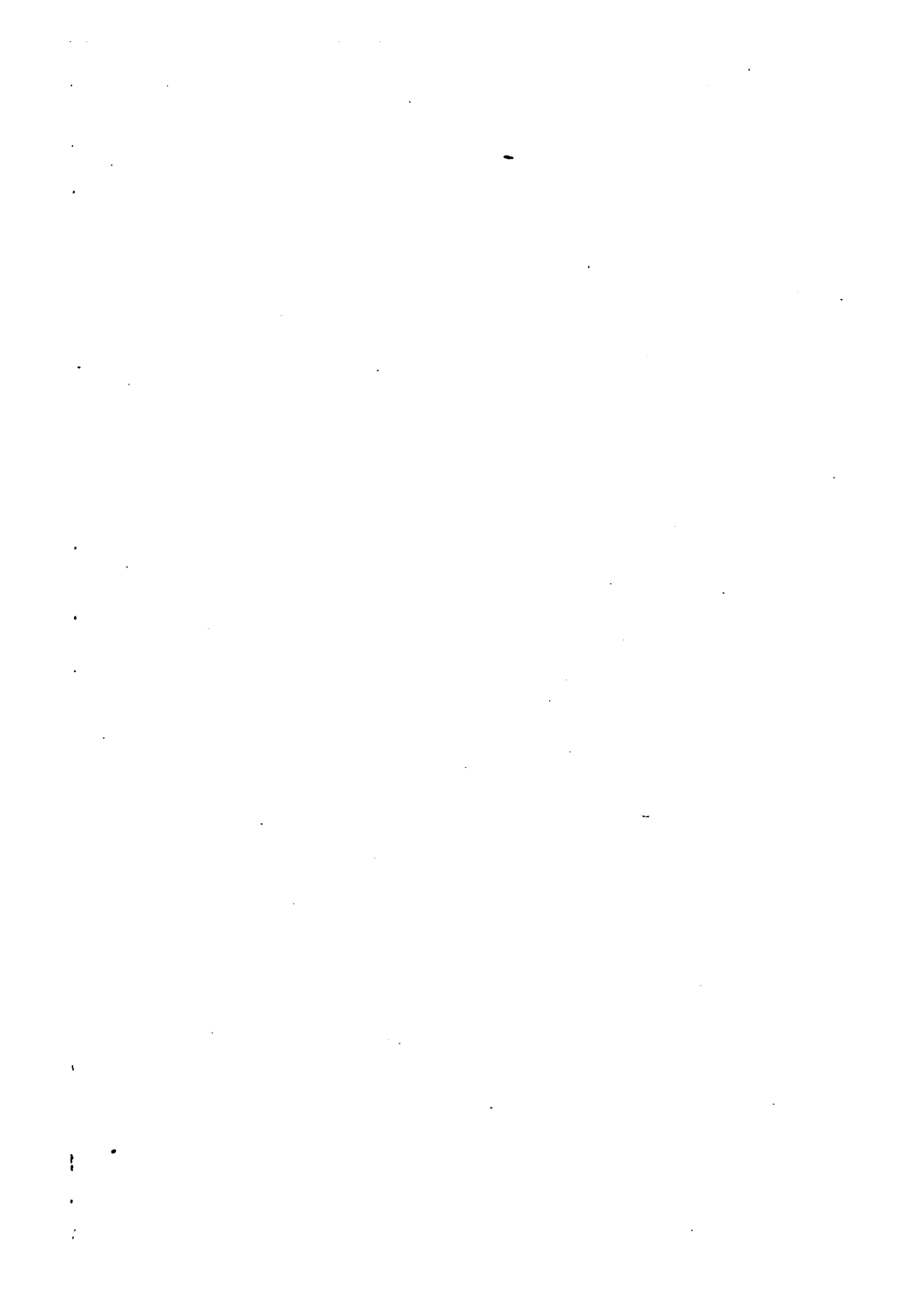
And then—oh dear, oh then—

**I tho't as I looked at my man of men
Of what use at all is my thinking when—
Oh, Erin the tears and the smiles of thine eyes,
Make for each child of thine such a finished
disguise**

**That no one can tell where the woe meets the
joy**

That puts fairy power in each "broth of a boy."







AFC

